

IS LEFT \$1 BY MOTHER

All of My Estate I Want
Him to Get," Says Will
Filed.

His eldest son, William B. Gibb, is off from his mother's will with a quest of \$1, according to the will of the late Mrs. Gibb, widow, filed for probate in the District Supreme Court yesterday.

Three other sons, Robert A. Gibb, Charles C. Gibb and Thomas E. Gibb, are generously provided for in their mother's will.

Mrs. Gibb, in her will, states that she desires her household furnishings, picture, cutlery, etc., to be divided equally between her two sons, Robert and Charles C. Gibb and that she bequeaths the proceeds from two insurance policies to go to the latter.

A burial lot in Glenwood Cemetery given to Robert A., Charles C. and Thomas E. Gibb.

"All other moneys," Mrs. Gibb says in her will, "is to be divided between my two sons." She says that she bequeaths the Gibb \$1 "which I wish that I intend he shall have of my estate."

The will is dated July 11, 1914, and Robert A. Gibb is named as executor. Mrs. Gibb died October 29.

NEGRO WHO ATTACKED WOMAN, SHOT IN JAIL

Humboldt, Tenn., Oct. 27.—Three hours after his arrest last night for attempted assault on a white woman, Henry Booth, 30, negro, ex-soldier, was shot and fatally wounded by a white man who gained entrance to the jail by sawing the locks. Physicians say he cannot recover. The woman was alone on her front porch when the negro, who lived near by, approached. She resisted and frightened him away. Booth was arrested and lodged in jail.

At 1 a. m. shots were heard and a man was found lying on the floor of the cell with six bullet holes in his back.

He was considerably excited this morning. Officials say the man has worked but little since he was shot. He is said to have been wounded in the battle of Argonne.

CLICKS FROM THE KEYS.

Richmond, Va.—State corporation commission says it has jurisdiction over telephone increases asked by Chesapeake and Potomac Company.

New York.—Twenty families driven from their homes by fire, \$30,000 damage in Hoboken Box Company and adjoining tenement house.

New York.—Normal trade conditions between United States and Europe upon trade credits for those countries, says Edward Filene, Boston, director United States Chamber of Commerce.

Alexandria, Ky.—Bandits loot Bank of Alexandria and made way with \$50,000.

Keyport, N. J.—Seaplane taken to Key West to enter passenger service between there and Havana.

Bismarck, N. D.—P. E. Halderson, deputy bank examiner, whose report based closing of Scandinavian-American bank at Fargo, was asked not to report for work today.

Columbus, O.—Governor Cox calls conference of Ohio mayors and prosecuting attorneys for November 7 to discuss means of lowering living costs.

New York.—House subcommittee investigating building of government railway in Olympic peninsula, Washington, reaches here.

Montreal.—First snow of season greets Prince of Wales on arrival here.

Boy-Ed May Refuse to Be Von Bernstorff's Goat

Berlin, Oct. 27.—Sensations may be sprung when Capt. Boy-Ed, former German naval attaché to the embassy at Washington, testifies before the parliamentary committee investigating war responsibilities, plots, and conspiracies including those engineered in America.

Answering Von Bernstorff's testimony that Boy-Ed and Capt. von Rosen operated independently of him, Capt. Boy-Ed telegraphed to the chairman of the committee demanding that he be allowed to testify in his own name. It is evident from Boy-Ed's attitude that he does not propose to make the "goat."

Illustrate Girl Scouts' Work.

A permanent exhibit to illustrate the activities of the Girl Scouts will be established this week at Scout headquarters, room 215, Woodward building, in connection with the financial drive for 10,000 sustaining members, which now is under way. The exhibit will be invited to inspect the exhibit at any time.

Wicks Divorce and Custody of Son.

Hayden A. Fryer filed a suit for absolute divorce from his wife, Dora Wicks Fryer, in the District Supreme Court yesterday through Attorney Sam V. Wicks.

The Fryers were married in Richmond, May 12, 1914. They lived together until October 18, last. Mr. Fryer asks the court for custody of their son.

GET READY FOR "FLU"

Keep Your Liver Active, Your System Purified and Free from Colds by Taking Calomel Tablets, the Nameless Calomel Tablets, that Are Delightful, Safe and Sure.

Physicians and druggists are advising their friends to keep their systems purified and their organs in perfect working order as a protection against the return of influenza, which is a clogged-up system and liver favor colds, influenza and its complications.

Get short a cold overnight and to get serious complications take one Calomel tablet at bedtime with a swallow of water. That's all. No salts, no nausea, no griping, no sickening after-effects. Next morning your cold has been purged and your liver is active, your system is purified and refreshed and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you want.

Calomel tablets are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Every druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not perfectly delighted with Calomel tablets.

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Rainbow's End

A Novel by REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

(Copyright by Harper & Brothers, Publishers.)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

For miles in "The Valley of Delight" (the Valley of the Yumurt, Ohio) stretched the rich acres of Don Esteban Varona, in tobacco and coffee and sugar. His heart he shared with his beautiful wife, Dona Rosa, and his buried treasure of gold and jewels obtained in devious ways. Only his wife and old Sebastian, a devoted slave, enjoyed Don Esteban's confidence, and after the death of Dona Rosa in childbirth, the mansion and Sebastian knew where the treasure was buried. Don Esteban had solemnly promised that at his death the faithful slave and his daughter, Rosalinda, should be freed, so the old man was proof against the probing of crafty Panchito Cueto, manager of the plantation.

One day Don Esteban married the Dona Isabel, a famous Havana beauty, who had heard of his riches and straightforwardly sought to win him from his location. Failing in this, she made his life miserable, fomented jealousy of Rosalinda, leading that she be sold, and mistreated Dona Rosa's beautiful twin-little Rosa and Esteban. Don Esteban, driven to drink and gambling, one night staked Rosalinda on a turn of the roulette wheel to Don Pablo Fera. Sebastian, horrified, remonstrated with him, and Don Esteban, in drunken passion, beat the old man and fled. Fearing that he would be killed, Sebastian fled to the mountains, and Don Esteban, at last, the faithful slave will betray his master's confidence.

But Sebastian accuses her of being the cause of his misery, and calls such awful curses down on her head that she runs away, terrified. Don Esteban returns, thence drunk and ugly, with his friends, and finding the slave still defiant, punishes him, telling him of Rosalinda being given to Salvador. Don Esteban, in a fit of rage, beats him with his whip. Some-thing in the brain of his victim snaps, and he attacks his master, killing Don Esteban. Don Pablo and Pedro Miron in turn, before he is himself slain, so perishes the secret of the treasure. Don Esteban searches for it in vain. Her stepdaughter, Rosa, returns from a Yankee school, and Dona Isabel welcomes her as a sister. She is a girl, fat, uncouth but rich sugar merchant.

Rosa has already been attracted by the dancing and singing heart of young John "Reddy," who has fallen head-over-heels in love with her despite the fact that he is half-engaged to a girl in the States—the daughter of his employer.

He and Rosa and her brother visit clandestinely in a sunken garden of the quinta.

Go On with the Story.

REPRODUCTION.

Although for a long time Dona Isabel had been sure in her own mind that Panchito Cueto, her administrator, was robbing her, she had never mustered courage to call him to a reckoning. And there was a reason for her cowardice. Nevertheless, the Castano's blunt accusation, coupled with her own urgent needs, served to fix her resolution, and on the day after the merchant's visit she sent for the overseer, who at the time was living on one of the plantations.

Once the message was on its way, Isabel fell into a condition bordering upon panic, and was half-minded to countermand her order. She spent an evening of suspense, and a miserable night. This last, however, was nothing unusual with her, she was accustomed to unpleasant dreams, and she was not surprised when old Rosalinda shapes came to harass her. Nor, in view of her combinatoric vagaries, was she greatly concerned to find when she woke in the morning that her slippers were stained and that her skirt was bedraggled with dew and niled with burs.

Scarcely a month passed that she did not walk in her sleep. Cueto was plainly curious to learn why he had been sent for, but since he asked no questions, his employer was forced to open the subject herself. Several times he led up to it unsuccessfully; then she took the plunge. Through dry, white lips she began:

"My dear Panchito, times are hard. The plantations are falling, and so—"

Panchito Cueto's eyes were close to his nose, his face was long and thin and harsh; he regarded the speaker with such a sinister, unblinking stare that she could scarcely breathe. "—and so I can no longer afford to retain you as administrator."

"Times will improve," he said. "Impossible! This war threatens to bring utter ruin; and now that Esteban and Rosa are home they spend money like water. I groan with poverty."

"Yes, they are extravagant. It is the more reason for me to remain in your service."

"No, no! I tell you I'm bankrupt."

"So? Then the remedy is simple—sell a part of your land."

Although this suggestion came naturally enough, Dona Isabel turned cold and felt her smile stiffen into a grimace. She wondered if Cueto could be feeling her out deliberately. "Sell the Varona lands?" she queried after a momentary struggle with herself.

"Esteban would rise from his grave. No. It was his wish that the plantations go to his children intact."

"And his wish is sacred to you, eh?" Cueto nodded his approval, although his smile was disconcerting. "An admirable sentiment! It does you honor! But speaking on this subject, I am reminded of that dispute with Jose Oroz over the boundary to La Joya. He is a rascal, that Oroz; he would steal the sap out of your standing cane if he could. I have promised to show him the original deed to La Joya and to furnish him with the proofs about the boundary line. That would be better than a lawyer, wouldn't it?"

"Decidedly! But—I will settle with him myself."

Cueto lifted an admonitory hand, his face alight with the faintest glimmer of ironic mirth. "I couldn't trust you to the merits of that rascal," he said, plausibly. "No, I shall go on as I have even at a sacrifice to myself. I love Don Esteban's children as my very own; and you, senora—"

Isabel knew that she must win a complete victory at once or accept irretrievable defeat.

"Never!" she interrupted, with a tone of finality. "I can't accept your sacrifice. I am not worthy. Kindly arrange to turn over your books of account at once. I shall make you as handsome a present as my circumstances will permit in recognition of your long and faithful service."

Then Panchito Cueto did an unexpected thing; he laughed shortly and shook his head.

Dona Isabel was ready to faint and her voice quavered as she went on: "Understand me, we part the best of friends despite all I have heard against you. I do not believe these stories people tell, for you probably have enemies. Even if all they say were true I should force myself to be lenient because of your affection for my husband."

The man rose, still smiling. "It is I who have been lenient," said he. "Eh? Speak plainly."

"Gladly. I have long suspected that Don Esteban hid the deeds of his property with the rest of his valuables, and now that you admit—"

Dona Isabel recoiled sharply. "Admit! Are you mad? Deeds! What are you talking about?" Her eyes met his bravely enough, but she could feel her lips trembling loosely.

Cast aside all pretense, the overseer exclaimed: "For el amor de Dios! An end to this! I know why you sent for me. You think I have been robbing you. Well, to be honest, I have. Why should I toil to do while you and those twins live here in luxury and idleness, squandering money to which you have no right?"

"Have I lost my reason?" gasped the widow. "No right?"

"At least no better right than I. Don't you understand? You have no

time evening came she had worked herself into such a state of nerves that she could eat no dinner. Locking herself into her room, she paced the floor, now wringing her hands, now twisting in agony upon her bed, now biting her wrists in an endeavor to clear her head and to devise some means of outwitting this treacherous overseer. But more thought of the law frightened her; the longer she pondered her situation the more she realized her own impotence. There was no doubt that the courts were corrupt; they were notoriously venal at best, and this war had made them worse. Graft was rampant everywhere. To confess publicly that Esteban Varona had left no deeds, no title to his property, would indeed be the sheerest folly. No, Cueto had her at his mercy.

Sometime during the course of the evening a wild idea came to Isabel. Knowing that the manager would spend the night beneath her roof, she planned to kill him. At first it seemed a simple thing to do—merely a matter of a dagger or a pistol, while he slept—but further thought revealed appalling risks and difficulties, and she decided to wait. Poison was far safer.

That night she lay awake a long time putting her scheme into final shape, and then for an interval that seemed longer she hung poised in those penumbral regions midway between wakefulness and slumber. Through her mind meanwhile there passed a whirling phantasmagoria, an interminable procession of figures, of memories, real yet unreal, convincing yet unconvincing. When she did at last lose all awareness of reality the effect was merely to enhance the vividness of those phantoms, to lend substance to her vaporous visions.

There was a momentary silence while the unhappy woman struggled with herself. Then—

"You took advantage of my ignorance of business to rob me," she declared. "Well, I know something about the government officials: if they would make a law to fit my case they will make one to fit yours. When I tell them what you have done perhaps you will not fare so well with them as you expect." She was fighting now with the desperation of one cornered.

"Perhaps," Cueto shrugged. "That is what I want to talk to you about, if only you will be sensible. Now then, let us be frank. Inasmuch as we're both in much the same fix, hadn't we better continue our present arrangements?" He stared unblinkingly at his listener. "Oh, I mean it! Is it not better for you to be content with what my generosity prompts me to give, rather than to risk ruin for both of us by grasping for too much?"

"Merciful God! The outrage! I warrant you have grown rich through your stealing!" Isabel's voice had gone flat with consternation.

"Rich? Well, not exactly, but comfortably well off." Cueto actually smiled again. "No doubt, my frankness is a shock to you. You are angry at my proposition, eh? Never mind. You will think better of it in time, if you are a sensible woman."

"What a fiend! Have you no sentiment?"

"Oh, senora! I am all sentiment. Don Esteban was my benefactor. I revere his memory, and I feel it my duty to see that his family does not want. That is why I have provided for you and will continue to provide in proper measure. But now, since at last we enjoy such confidential relations, let us have no more of these miserable suspicions of each other. Let us entirely forget this unpleasant misunderstanding and be the same good friends as before."

Having said this, Panchito Cueto stood silent a moment in polite expectancy; then receiving no intelligible reply, he bowed low and left the room.

To the avaricious Dona Isabel Cueto's frank acknowledgment of theft was maddening, and the realization that she was helpless, dependent upon his charity for her living, fairly crucified her proud spirit.

All day she brooded, and by the

time evening came she had worked herself into such a state of nerves that she could eat no dinner. Locking herself into her room, she paced the floor, now wringing her hands, now twisting in agony upon her bed, now biting her wrists in an endeavor to clear her head and to devise some means of outwitting this treacherous overseer. But more thought of the law frightened her; the longer she pondered her situation the more she realized her own impotence. There was no doubt that the courts were corrupt; they were notoriously venal at best, and this war had made them worse. Graft was rampant everywhere. To confess publicly that Esteban Varona had left no deeds, no title to his property, would indeed be the sheerest folly. No, Cueto had her at his mercy.

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Unprecedented demand for Saccharin has practically cleared the shelves of local dealers.

Monsanto Tablets, in metal boxes, are arriving in Washington and a plentiful supply is assured.

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Saccharin is the one sweetener for use in coffee, tea and other beverages that will help out the present shortage of sugar.

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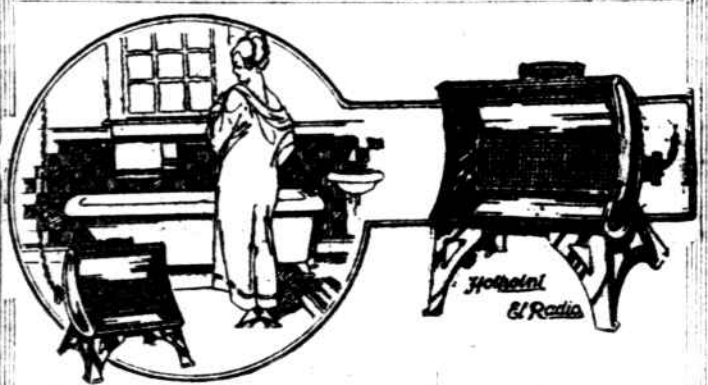
"There is an acute sugar shortage in France at this time, and the use of Saccharin for sweetening continues general in the popular eating houses, and even in some of the best hotels and restaurants."

Give Saccharin a trial today in your coffee or tea.

JOHN F. QUEENY

Chairman of the Board
Monsanto Chemical Works
(Established 1901)

Note: This advertisement is inserted by Monsanto Chemical Works, the world's most important manufacturers of Saccharin.



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An Electric Heater will give you comfort without the necessity of starting the furnace. There is no smoke, no odor, no flame—just quick heat when and where you want it. Surprisingly inexpensive to buy and use.

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